

HERACLIUS,

EMPEROUR

Of the EAST.

A Tragedy.

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Written in FRENCH by *Monsieur de Corneille.*

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LODOWICK CARLELL, Esq;

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HERACLITUS

OF THE EAST

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A Tragedy.

March 9. 1664.

Imprimatur

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.



The Author's  
ADVERTISEMENT.



Nother Translation formerly design'd (after this seem'd to be accepted of) was perfected and acted, this, not returned to me until that very day. Such a rejection makes it more contemptible to some, than perhaps it deserves: Parents are apt to dote on their own brats, especially those of their old age. Impartial men are the best remedies against this mischief: friends, and prejudic'd persons, will still have something of the bias, therefore from those who know least of me, I am likeliest to take a true measure of my self, one cause why this is now in print.

Though my humble respects to her Royal Highness prompted me to undertake a Translation in verse, because she loves plays of that kind, and is as eminent in knowledge as dignity, yet I presume not to beg her protection, only as it took birth at Sommerset House, I hope she will not despise it from the report of others.

For my most gracious Mistress whom I have so long serv'd, and in former Playes not displeas'd, I dare not address this, because my first essay of this nature.

For her Son; that Sun of Majesty, I am too much dazzled at this distance to attempt nearer, since only Eagle-Muses can approach his brightness; yet I durst in all humi-

## The Author's Advertisement.

*lity present the Original and my design in translating it to his Princely consideration. For the subject of it is the restoration of a gallant Prince to his just inheritance, many years after the unjust and horrid murder of a Saint-like Father, and this by the courage and prudence of one, who seem'd in the vulgar eye to go another way. Yet I know those who look'd upon all his actings when most violent, to be like that of a Geer-falcon, who though she seems not to eye the Hern, but works a contrary way, 'tis but to gain the wind, by which advantage she makes her self the master of her design. All this, if I mistake not, is a just parallel.*

*Though what's already said may seem too long, I cannot conclude without some remark upon Leontina's action, which some censure unnatural, so unwarrantable: But if we are bound to sacrifice our own lives, to preserve that of our Prince, we may expose our Child's for the preservation of his Heir, the continuance of a just and Royal line being not one of the least blessings to a Nation: if any yet doubt I refer them to the Casuists, as I do what I have writ to the censure of all that love serious Plays, to whom I dedicate this.*

Those who translate, hope but a Labourers praise;  
Who well invent, contrive; deserve the Bays.

THE



# THE PROLOGUE

Intended for the PLAY.

**W**E nothing change that does the Plot concern,  
Though in the Verse some change you may discern ;  
All tongues have proper idioms of their own,  
Their Elegance in ours is hardly shown ;  
This, but a Copy, and all such go less,  
Great Beauties may be alter'd by the dress.  
You see how carefull an excuse we make,  
That one so mean, CORNEILLE does undertake ;  
But sure no envy to his share can fall,  
Who once kept shop, translates, so keeps a stall :  
Those who have need we should interpret this,  
Their Clap bears the same value with their Hiss.  
Of one of these you are too lavish grown ;  
A Song, a Dance ; nay, if an Ape were shown,  
You'd cast your Caps, but lest you them should loose  
Some in good husbandry, their hands mis-use.  
This bold digression thrust in by the way,  
Too oft the By exceeds the Main ; the Play.  
What's French you like, if vain, exceed their height,  
What's Solid, Worthy, too few imitate :  
But we have those, when they things serious write,  
May give Them Patterns, You, more just delight.

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THE

## The Actors Names.

**PHOCAS** — *Emperor of the East, by usurpation upon Mauritius.*

**HERACLIUS** *Son to the deceased Emperor Mauritius, but taken for Martian the Son of Phocas; in love with Eudoxia.*

**MARTIAN** *Son to Phocas, but taken for Leontius, Leontina's Son; in love with Pulcheria.*

**PULCHERIA** *Daughter to the Emperor Mauritius; in love with Martian.*

**LEONTINA** -- *A Lady, sometime Governess of the two Princes, Heraclius and Martian.*

**EUDOXIA** *Her Daughter, in love with Heraclius.*

**CRISPUS** - *Phocas his Son-in-Law.*

**EXUPERIUS** *A Noble-man of Constantinople.*

**AMINTAS** - *His Friend.*

*Courtiers, Guards and other Attendants, Men and Women.*

The Scene,

CONSTANTINOPLE.

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HERAC-

(1)

# HERACLIUS, A Tragedy.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Phocas*, *Crispus*, Guards, and Attendants.

*Phocas.*

**T**He lustre that from Crowns does strike our sight,  
*Crispus*, is but a false, though glittering light :  
Those to whom Heaven commits the Scepters care,  
Know not the weight, till they the Scepter bear ;  
A thousand sweets there seem unto it bound,  
But the hid bitterness is only found :  
He that possesses it, yet fears the loss,  
So to enjoy, turns that into a cross.  
But above all to me, whose birth's obscure,  
Who by Revolt became an Emperour :  
As I, by guilt, the height of power did gain,  
By bloody crimes I did the same maintain :  
All that were good, or great, to death I sent,  
Vertue on Vice still looks with discontent ;  
I counted all my foes who gain'd esteem,  
Whom I made slaves, their vertue might redeem.  
I left none living of the Royal line,  
But one, not spar'd by pity, but design,  
By her to make my Son the Crown possess,  
And keep him great, should Fortune make me less.

*CRISPUS.*

Blind Malice now seeks to Revive a Boy,

B

Which

## HERACLIUS,

Which in the Fathers fight you did destroy:  
But 'tis a Fable to the wiser sort.

PHOCAS.

Pretenders to a Crown make fatal sport.  
Though they believe not, yet they make a show,  
And discontent makes Rumor stronger grow:  
But what's the name with which they would fright us?

CRISPUS.

Who gives new life, calls him *Heraclius*.

PHOCAS.

Of no deep reach sure the Inventors were,  
What is impossible, we need not fear;  
His death was so remarkable to all,  
That it bred horror, some on me did fall;  
For bloud and Milk there issued from his side,  
And the same day my *Martians* Mother died.  
These things forgot, because so long since done,  
Gives a new life to the dead Emp'rors Son;  
But little do I value their design,  
Since yet alive is faithful *Leontine*,  
Who was his Governess, and did declare  
Where he was hid, from love to me, or fear.

CRISPUS.

Then Sir you trusted to her care your Son,  
Which some did censure as not wisely done.

PHOCAS.

She brought *Heraclius* forth, by me he died,  
Joyn'd in his bloud she's to my interest ty'd;  
Her Son I have made great, bred with my own,  
His worth, their Friendship to the world is known,  
And prov'd to us most happy the last war;  
For when my *Martian* was engag'd too far,  
*Leontine* bravely charg'd, reliev'd my Son,  
And join'd together soon the battel won.

CRISPUS.

Your Son's so prodigal of his own life,  
Twere well he had some Issue by a Wife;  
And none I think could so secure your state,

*A Tragedy.*

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As fair *Pulcheria*. *Pho.* True, but my hard fate  
Denies that happiness, my great design.  
That marriage would divided factions join,  
And fix the Empire in our Royal line.

*CRISPVS.*

You dally with her ; let her know she must :  
The Empires happiness makes all force, just.

*PHOCAS.*

She scorns the Empire, and the Emp'ror too.

*CRISPVS.*

And will do still, whilst you appear to sue.  
Though ne're so great your power makes her your slave.  
*Pho.* She must be free ; *Crisp.* How Sir?

*PHOCAS.*

To wed my Son, or else to wed a grave.

---

ACT I. SCEN. II.

Enter *Phocas*, *Crispus*, *Pulcheria*, her Women,  
Guards and Attendants.

**M**Adam, at last, 'tis time that you should yield  
To what, your greatness will more firmly build;  
A *Cesar* got betwixt you and my Son,  
Would add more blessing than a Kingdom won :  
I ask no great acknowledgment in this,  
For my past care ; but offer you all bliss :  
The Crown, my Son, I cannot give you more ;  
The gift were less, could I the dead restore.  
Accept 'em then, do not my patience tire,  
Let not scorn force me hate, what I admire :  
With, or against your will, it must be done ;  
For, know already your last Glass doth run.  
Think well, he sues that doth a Scepter sway,  
Whom though you will not love, you must obey.



## HERACLIUS,

PULC.

I hitherto have shew'd you some respect,  
Now find in you and me no small defect.  
Mine, that I paid you what you not deserv'd ;  
Yours, now to boast that you my life preserv'd ;  
Yet threaten still to take that life away,  
Unless I do your unjust will obey.

PHO.

Is it unjust to offer you my Son,  
Whose merit all hearts, but your own hath won ?

PULC.

It were unjust his merits to deny ;  
Yet since your Son, I'll rather chuse to die,  
Than by my marriage to secure your State :  
That's justly mine, unless a more kind Fate  
Would make your death the first step to my Throne ;  
Till purg'd with blood, I scarce dare claim my own.

PHO.

I have constrain'd my self, and given you way,  
To hear what Pride and Malice make you say,  
And it is just, that you should not refuse  
To hear that love, that would you disabuse.  
The Empire is not tied unto your race,  
*Mauritius* reign'd; the Army gave his place,  
And by that Title I the Empire sway ;  
The sword made his, the Sword now makes my way.  
Who hath, or ever durst, dispute my power,  
That twenty years have reign'd an Emperour ?  
I have but little need of your support ;  
Tis love I offer ; you should thank me for't.  
I was not Author of your Fathers fate,  
But griev'd his loss ; forc'd to obey the State.

PULC.

Tis fit this offer'd love then to requite,  
I disabuse thee, *Phocas*, know me right ;  
I am descended of th' Imperial line,  
In four descents from famous *Constantine* ;  
Thou a poor Captain of the *Mysian* band,  
Who first that bloody Treason took'st in hand,

Dar'ft

Dar'st to my face pretend a right to Raig;  
 Having thy Master, the just Emp'rour slain?  
 And all this ill, for good unto the State;  
 What's thy Reward? the peoples deadly hate:  
 Which is the cause that I am courted now;  
 Yet threatned to be broke, unless I bow.  
 Thus Tyrants, when they fear, are ever kinde,  
 The danger past, for love, we hatred finde.  
 But know, *Pulcheria*'s not degenerate,  
 For doubtful love to change her ancient hate.

P H O.

Well, Say I should the Empire back restore,  
 Placing you there, whom justly all adore,  
 That I repent these things you say I've done;  
 Could you yet have a quarrel to my Son?  
 He in his Cradle then with milk was fed,  
 And did not suck the bloud your Father bled.  
 He laid no plots to hasten on his fate;  
 Now full of Vertue, why feels he your hate?

P U L C.

Go Tyrant, th' art not fit to speak his praise,  
 What's spoke by thee doth yet suspicion raise,  
 Seeming to do him right, thou dost him wroug,  
 Thy heart's so false, there's none will trust thy tongue.  
 I know him better, and his worth is such,  
 That all that can be said, is not too much.

P H O.

Why then refus'd, since you his worth allow?

P U L C.

Only because he takes his birth from you:  
 For, should I grant to marry with your Son,  
 I justify the murders you have done,  
 Settles the Empire in a Traytors line,  
 Lose my just vengeance, perfect your design.

P H O.

Designs to make you great deserve your love..

P U L C.

Not if that greatness his protection prove,

That.

## HERACLIUS,

That kill'd my Father, Brothers, all my Kin;  
And that black Roll too, I my self am in:  
I'm kept alive, but 'tis to serve your ends;  
For Tyrants only to themselves are Friends.

PHO.

I not deny all this that you have said,  
For you shall bleed, if I be not obey'd:  
Wisely prevent it, marry with my Son,  
Be safe in him; for, man and wife are one:  
Think well what blessings may attend your throne,  
Sure Heaven it self inspires this union.

PULC.

Your Son yet with this Crown, I could deny,  
Though I did love him above Monarchy:  
But 'tis not yours to hold, much less to give,  
If I were dead, a brother yet might live:  
Divide your presents then, and let me chuse;  
Single I like, but join'd I both refuse.

PHO:

What, shall I to a Womans hand commit  
My Scepter, when thy Fathers prov'd unfit?

PULC.

Traitor, that Father yet might leave a Son,  
Shall bravely take what thou most basely won.

PHO.

'Tis that vain hope then makes you now so bold;  
Sure you have feign'd what is by others told.  
But see the weakness of their foolish lie,  
To make him live, must make your title die.

PULC.

Since you upbraid me with this new Report,  
Which I believe not; yet must thank 'em for't,  
I'll add unto it all that's in my power,  
And whoso'er, with him an Emperour.  
He must be worthy that assumes our Name,  
And do such Actions as may raise his Fame;

Thou

Thou hast no title, his must be as good,  
And will be better, if he shed thy blood.  
Thou a false Traitor didst usurp the throne;  
He comes perhaps to yield to each their own:  
Prevent him then, resign the Crown to me;  
By one just Act wipe off thy Tyranny.

PHO.

Yes, I shall soon do justice in thy death,  
That dar'st abuse the Mercy gives thee breath:  
All my kind offers thou hast still refus'd,  
My patience mock'd, and dignity abus'd.

PULC:

Thy dignity! an idol of thy own creation,  
That from no good man yet found veneration.

PHO:

Well, please thy self, with what thy fancy gives,  
That there's a brother, or some other lives,  
To take my life, to right pretended wrong:  
But know, your fate depends upon your tongue;  
Which though thus bold, must say, I'll be his Wife,  
Or, the denial ends your scornful life.  
Smile you? Now by my Crown I'll have it done,  
And you this day shall marry with my Son.

PULC:

I may live long, yet you not perjur'd be;  
You swear by nothing, that, belongs to me.

PHO:

By my right hand, that doth to me belong.

PUL:

Thou hast no right; since all thou hast is wrong.

PHO:

I'm sure th' art proud, and by this pride I swear:

PUL:

Your pride makes mine, and so no death I fear.  
But canst thou dread an Oath? it cannot be!  
Thy whole life's one continued perjury.

PHO: to himself

Her *Genius* masters mine; I must submit  
To her great spirit, heighten'd by her wit.

Madam,

Madam, let's end this Combate of the tongue,  
 Women at their own weapons are too strong :  
 But urge me not, lest I make use of swords,  
 And they can cut as deep as bitter words.

## ACT I. SCEN. III.

*Phocas, Heraclius taken for Martian, Martian  
 taken for Leontius, Crispus, Pulcheria, her women,  
 Guards, and Attendants.*

**M***artian*, thou knowst with what Paternal cares  
 I've bred this Serpent, who ungrateful dares  
 Spit her bold venom in her Sovereign's face,  
 My Person, and my Government disgrace,  
 Lay plots, partake with Traytors to my Crown,  
 And cares not who she raise to pull me down ;  
 Her death is just, so to prevent all harms,  
 She hath no Sanctuary but thy Arms.

*HERAC. taken for Martian.*

And why should I an Enemy protect ?  
 No Sir, I so your dignity respect,  
 That I must tell you, you do shew mistrust  
 In your own Right, declare her Title just,  
 By pressing this ; What need I marry her,  
 Since I'm your son ? that title I prefer.  
 He wears a Crown with slav'ry all his life,  
 Who hath no better title than a Wife :  
 Mine is a double right, as may be said,  
 That now descends, of which you conquest made.

*PULC.*

They speak the Father, not the Son, these words ;  
 Was ever conquest made with civil swords ?  
 Abhor'd Rebellion all good men do call  
 A Traitors rise by a just Princes fall.

*PHO.*



*A Tragedy.*

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*P H O:*

I am thy Prince, and justly thou shalt die:

*P U L:*

Such justice well becomes thy tyranny.  
Th' hast kept me like a Lamb, suffer'd to feed,  
The Wolf wants meat, and innocence must bleed.  
Nor speak I this that I repine at death,  
I scorn a life depends upon thy breath.

*HERAC. taken for Martian.*

She must not die, be carefull of your self,  
Lest when you ship-wrack her you meet a shelf;  
The winds blow high, take heed Sir, how you steer,  
The storm that rose far off, increases here;  
The Peoples discontents would grow more bold,  
Desperate, if once to them her death were told;  
On her great merit they have fixt their eyes,  
And in her safety, Sir, our safety lies.

*P H O:*

Why then are you so careless of her love?

*HERAC. taken for Martian.*

I want that worth that her great heart should move.

*P H O:*

Who hath it then, or who durst so aspire?

*HERAC. taken for Martian.*

It is not such if done by my desire.  
True friendship, Sir, is such a powerful charm,  
That e'n to marry her shall do no harm.

*P H O:*

When dead *Manritius* does such vigor give  
To this supposed Son, now said to live,  
Dost thou not think a real Son-in-law  
Would claim the Crown, and keep us still in awe?  
But thou wilt say, 'tis trusted to a friend,  
Crowns once in question, there's notie can bind.

*HERAC. taken for Martian.*

When married meanly, that will bate her pride;

*P H O:*

She rather seeks how to be Deis'd,

C

Scorus

Scorns an Alliance, would her fortune prove,  
 And her dead kindred only seems to love.  
 We'll send her to them out of love, not hate ;  
 Who not supports, may yet disturb our state.  
*Pulcheria*, though your pride would never yet  
 Grant any thing to me that I thought fit,  
 But call me Tyrant, yet so kind I'll prove,  
 To send you quickly to your friends above.

*Exit Phoc. Crisp. &c.*

# ACT I. SCEN. IV.

*Heraclius taken for Martian, Martian taken for  
 Leontius, Pulcheria, her Women.*

*HERAC.* taken for Martian.

IN vain he promises himself that I  
 With his injustice should so far comply,  
 To force affection ; justly you may chuse,  
 And should you grant, I justly might refuse.  
 We never must our houses join in one ;  
 Nor are we fitted for this union.  
 You in *Leontine* happier will be,  
 And in his *Sister's* my felicity :  
 We all are happy in our equal love,  
 And *Leontina* doth our choice approve,  
 Whose Vertue and whose wisdom is so great,  
 That nothing can so just designs defeat.

*PULC.*

Sir, you at first *Leontius* gave to me,  
 And as your gift increas'd his dignity :  
 Which in the world's opinion was before,  
 So great, that only you could make it more.  
 But 'tis improper now to think of love  
 To any other than to those above.

*HERAC.*

*A Tragedy.*

**H**

*After a pause.*

**HERAC:** *taken for Martian.*

I am resolv'd ; it never shall be done :  
Who dares, since in your Glass my life doth run ?  
Which I'll declare, and let the Tyrant storm,  
If he raise forces, I can sooner arm,  
And check his rage, who innocence defends  
Must not mistrust either his Cause, or Friends.

**PUL:**

You justly now, Sir, do excite a fear,  
Which I had not, though I knew death was near ;  
But now, that I do find that danger's yours,  
I feel a coldness strike my vital powers :  
Kind Heaven, your Messenger is timely sent ;  
My single death may many now prevent. *(She swears.)*

**MARTIAN** *taken for Leontius.*

I never thought that any thing but love  
Could in a womans breast such passion move.  
Sir, she recovers : seem to change your mind.

**HERAC:** *taken for Martian.*

I will, and yet do what I have design'd.  
*Pulcheria*, be not griev'd, and I will do  
Only what your desire shall guide me to.

**MARTIAN** *taken for Leontius.*

Rather be rul'd by me, whose life was spent  
To serve you both, though now, your punishment :  
First you must seek, Sir, to secure her life,  
Which cannot be preserv'd unless your wife.  
If you your selves, and me will this way bless,  
I shall be happy in your happiness ;  
The Princes good, to subjects, still should be  
The highest pitch of their felicity.

**HERAC:** *taken for Martian.*

Ah my *Leontius*, you too high aspire,  
For my sake to extinguish that bright fire,  
Which we have kindled ; glorious whilst it burns,  
But if extinguish'd, you to ashes turns.

I know you cannot live without her love :  
 What is divine proceeds from those above,  
 Part of their Essence : friendships here on earth  
 Are more our choice, and suit our humane birth.  
 I know you better, than your self, you know,  
 And I my life unto your friendship owe :  
 I doubly ty'd, by love and friendship too,  
 Will court this new Pretender to serve you.

*Exit.*

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ACT I. SCEN. V.

*Martian taken for Leontius, Pulcheria,*  
*her Women.*

*PULC:*

**T**HOU soul of Goodness, and of Greatness both !  
 How I do love the Son, the Father loath ?  
 Thus they divide betwixt them love and hate :  
 For what I owe to thee, he did create.

*MARTIAN taken for Leontius.*

All that proceeds from him is greater made ;  
 This glorious Sun yields me a happy shade :  
 My heart long scorcht by your bright beauties beams,  
 He gain'd me from you sweet refreshing streams ;  
 Since thus by both your favours then I live,  
 My life's a debt i'll pay, and nothing give ;  
 But you being still the Tyrant's Ostage here,  
 Whatever we can act, begets my fear,  
 Unless we shall attempt to scape his hand,  
 Forcing his Guard with those that I command :  
 Or else design in some disguise to flie,

*PULC:*

All flight doth either guilt, or fear imply.

*We're*

We're in a storm, tost by our hope and fear;  
Let honour hold the helm, and our Barque steer:  
To make me die must prove the Tyrants shame,  
While bravely suffering does increase my fame.

*MARTIAN taken from Leontius.*

But, Madam, we must suffer, if you do;  
If we lose you, we lose our honour too:  
We must not live, yet suffer you to die,  
One stroke frees you, and ends his Tyranny.

{ His hand to  
his sword.

*PUL:*

By that one stroke your life too must have end.  
Whom then survives *Pulcheria* to defend?  
And yet some hand the danger does invite;  
When all is danger, we should danger slight.  
But let us first with trusty friends survey  
The safest means, and the securest way.

*MARTIAN taken for Leontius.*

While Vertue thus and Honour we pursue,  
Death has his Conquest, and just Laurels too.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Leontina, Eudoxia.*

*LEONT:*

I Fear'd his passion sad effects would move.

*EUD:*

His Birth conceal'd from me, had shew'd small love.

*LEONTINA.*

As great imprudence shew'd he to reveal:  
How hardly women secrets can conceal?  
You could not chuse but whisper what you knew  
To some false friend perhaps that envies you;  
By which grown publick that *Heraclius* lives,  
Such an alarm to the Tyrant gives,

*It*



It troubles not so much as it doth arm,  
 By that foreknowledge to prevent his harm;  
 What's unexpected easily may annoy,  
 Where strength's awake we hardly can destroy;  
 His former guilt he quickly will encrease,  
 And sacrifice *Heraclius* to his peace.  
 The secret kept, he lov'd him as his Son,  
 His life, your love, my care, you have undone.

E U D.

Madam, 'tis fit that I your passion bear,  
 But reason heard, it quickly will appear  
 That I am free from this so great offence;

LEON.

How is this secret known then, or from whence?  
 Is it from me? or is it from the Prince?

E U D.

From neither: for if you examin well,  
 They only say he lives, but do not tell  
 How, you usurping *Phocas* did deceive,  
*Heraclius* sparing, one of yours did leave  
 To feel the Tyrants rage: an act so high:  
 Though your Son's dead, our fame can never die.  
 Nor was your wisdom than your courage less,  
 When being made the Prince's Governess,  
*Mauritius's* Son you did to *Phocas* give,  
 While the true *Martian* as your Son did live,  
*Leontius* call'd by my dead Brother's name,  
 Who in this sacrifice does share your fame.  
 Yet none pretend to say 'twas carry'd so,  
 As had I blaz'd the secret, all must know.

LEON.

'Tis true, 'tis only said *Heraclius* lives,

E U D.

Which without circumstance no indice gives;  
 The rest is so ignor'd, some simply good  
 Expect he should by miracle not blood,  
 Resume a Throne usurp'd upon his Sire,  
 But see he comes, and let your fears expire.

ACT

## ACT II. SCE. II.

*Heraclius, Leontina, Endoxia.*

HERACLIUS.

M Adam, you will be forc'd now to reveal  
 My birth, which you to serve me did conceal,  
*Pulcheria* presently must be my Wife,  
 Incest's too great a price to pay for life,  
 If you do not, I must declare my self,  
 On either side, there is a dangerous self,  
 That threatens shipwrack, if you now can steer,  
 Avoid those dangers that so great appear.

LEON.

As yet there's none that are assur'd you live.

HERACL.

'Tis said I do, that does suspicion give:  
 Forces are rais'd, *Phocas* means I shall go  
 My self against my self: *Leon*. The fancy'd Fo?  
 Nowhere that I can hear of doth appear.

HERAC:

Even shadows will create a Tyrants fear:  
 Fear makes him doubtful, doubt doth danger breed,  
 For some, to cure those doubts and fears, may bleed.  
 I fear not for my self, he is to me  
 So kind, that kindness is an injury,  
 Breeds strife within me how to take his life  
 That offers such a Throne, and such a Wife.

LEON:

'Tis to secure himself; Tyrants can love  
 No thing on Earth, since not the Pow'rs above:  
 And yet they think they do Children and Friends;  
 When 'tis indeed themselves and their own ends:  
 They only can be said truly to love;  
 When that affection others good doth move.  
 Thus love descends to us, which we return,  
 When in true zeal, to serve those powers, we burn.

HERAC:

## HERACLIVS.

A greater witness none did ever give.  
 You gave your Son to death, that I might live.  
 Let me no longer justice then defer :  
 You brought your Son, but he the Murtherer.  
 I'm weary longer to be thought the Son  
 Of him that hath so many mischiefs done.  
 To crown his ills, he'l take *Pulcheria's* life,  
 Or my own sister I must take to wife.

LEON:

Though you her death, or worse, do incest fear,  
 Leave all to me, your person only spare;  
 For on your life depends the life of all :  
 The giddy people rise, and soon do fall,  
 Though I rejoice, their love seems now so great,  
 The least disaster qualifies their heat.  
 Be yet the Son of *Phocas* for a while,  
 Ere long you shall be heard in your own stile,  
*Mauritius* Son, and then with great applause,  
 This Tyrant shall be sentenc'd by your Laws.

HERAC:

I doubt th' occasion ne'r will be so good,  
 There's one pretends both to my Name and blood;  
 He may possess the peoples hearts, and I,  
 Although you'd join, shall not disprove his lie ;  
 Impostors oft have got too near a Throne,  
 Who Tyrants dispossess are lov'd unknown :  
 Upon what right soever one pretends,  
 Hate to Usurpers yields Usurpers Friends :  
 And I, though the just Prince, may punish't be  
 As Son to *Phocas* for his villanie :  
 Which, witness Heaven, were such a curse to bear,  
 May well excuse my passion, and my fear.

EVD:

She that preserv'd you with her dear Sons blood,  
 Cannot be grown less careful of your good ;  
 Your honor too, I value at that rate,  
 That, to preserve it I would tempt my fate.

LEON:

LEON:

Your life and greatness have long been my care,  
 The fruit, the honour, none with me shall share.  
*Phocas* ere long shall by my means be slain;  
 And Prince *Heraclius* in full glory reign:  
 If not, the bold attempt, shall fully prove  
 Duty more strong, than Nature, or self-love:  
 Our highest aim, is glory, here below;  
 Who hath it here, may greater glory know.

EUD:

If love have value for a Lovers tears,  
 Preserve your Person, to secure my fears;  
 The Tyrants death, though just, will for some time,  
 Acted by you, appear a horrid crime:  
 The People, though well pleas'd, to see him fall,  
 Yet you a bloody Paricide may call:  
 And say you only do assume a Name,  
 To get the Throne, and yet prevent the shame  
 Of gaining it; truth often is deny'd,  
 Till it by time and circumstance be tri'd.  
 Let not the least suspicion, Sir, appear,  
 To cloud your glory, that shines now so clear:  
 I know desire to right your Fathers wrongs —

HERAC:

I know, your will hath power, above all tongues,  
 Since you engage I will no more contest:  
 Who yields to love and gratitude, is blest.

To Leontina.

The secret's yours, and I should be ingrate,  
 Without your leave to claim my Father's state.  
 No, 'twere in vain, whate're I undertake;  
 Even truth it self you can imposture make.  
 I may say more, the Empire's yours, not mine;  
 Which from you I'll receive, and here resign:  
 Her title, at least as mine, must prove as good,  
 Since it was purchas'd with her Brothers blood. *Exit.*

D

ACT.

## ACT II. SCEN. III.

*Leontina, Endoxia.*

LEON:

**M**Y Plot now ripe, I must no more conceal  
 My deep design, but all to thee reveal;  
 For, you may help to perfect my intent:  
*Phocas* by *Martin* must to death be sent.  
 'Twas for that cause I gave him a reprieve,  
 And that Act done, he should no longer live,  
 But for *Falcheria's* sake, whom he doth love;  
 A Mistress with a Throne must strongly move.

EUD:

To kill his Father, Madam, 's an offence,  
 With which nor Love, or Empire can dispence.

LEON:

His kill'd the common Father of us all;  
 'Tis just that he by his own Son should fall.

EUD:

'Tis just to him, but unjust to his Son.

LEON:

He shall not know he's such till it be done,  
 But pass still for *Leontina's* son to me,  
 And so by both their deaths *Heraclius* free.

EUD:

I know the guiltie Father merits death,  
 But that so brave a Son should stop his breath,  
 To me looks horrid, though he know it not,  
 His so great fame will have a lasting blot.

LEON:

It is not fit a bloudie Tyrants son  
 Should wear that Glorie he as mine hath won.

Enter Page.

*Exuperius* comes to kiss your hand.

LEON.



LEON:

*Exuperius* ! I am at a stand.  
 That name surprizes me ; what makes he here ?  
 How this new Visitant revives my fear ?  
 He hates the Tyrant for his Fathers blood.  
 Of rattling still I tell you comes no good.

## ACT II. SCENE IV.

*Exuperius, Leontina, Endoxia.*

EXUP.

**M** Adam, *Heraclius* is discover'd.

*Leontina to Endoxia.*

Now ? *End.* If I —

*Leontina to Endoxia.*

Peace. But since when, or where, or how ? *to Exup.*

EXUP:

By me just now. *Leont.* And he is doom'd to die ?

EXUP.

The Tyrant yet knows not the Mystery ?

LEONT.

Mystery ? *Exup.* Madam, he comes, you need not fear.

LEONT:

None but my Son *Leontius* does appear.

## ACT II. SCEN. V.

*Martian taken for Leontius, Exuperius,  
 Leontina, Endoxia.*

EXUP:

**M** Adam, you need no more put on disguise ;  
 We by a Paper now, are all made wife.

D 2

MARTIAN.

## HERACLIUS,

*MARTIAN taken for Leontius.*

Madam, you know, and best can understand,  
 If this be feigned, or *Mauritius* hand,  
 Whether it disabuse, or more delude;  
 Pray clear what yet hath great incertitude:  
 I cannot be your Son, and yet his too;  
 If any know the Character, you do.

*Gives her a Paper.**She reads.*

*LEONTINA* hath deceived *PHOCAS*; and by delivering  
 one of her Sons to death, preserved mine, to inherit the  
 Empire: You that remain faithfull Subjects, honour  
 and assist so great Vertue; *HERACLIUS* lives under  
 the Name of *LEONTIUS*.

*LEON:*

Hetels you true, Sir, you were in my hands;  
 When *Phocas* entred with his Rebel bands;  
 Seiz'd on the Emp'rour; let him only live  
 To see his children die, more grief to give.  
 I past all hope, you longer to conceal,  
 To save your life, I did my self reveal:  
 Offer'd my Son to *Phocas* in your stead;  
 Gave you the name of him that now is dead;  
 For whom these tears; he was your sacrifice,  
 And from his death your life and greatness rise.  
 Nature though then struck dead, by duties force,  
 Does now revive and cause this briny source.

*Weeps a while.*

*Phocas* thus ravish'd with deluding joy,  
 Heaps favours on me, and on you a Boy;  
 favours so great, some said my Son and I  
 Did seem with him to share his Tyranny.  
 This, Sir, I thought not fit for to declare,  
 Till you had got so great a name in war,  
 That all might judge, your birth must needs be great,  
 Since so much merit claim'd the highest seat:  
 And this great news, that makes the Tyrant fear,  
 Must prove a truth when you your self appear;

*MAR-*

*A Tragedy.*

25

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*

But, Madam, that you have conceal'd all this,  
Though it seem well, I feel what is amiss.

*LEON.*

I did not know all that the Emp'ror knew;  
Things done long since, men may suspect not true;  
My testimony rests on your strong arm,  
Else what design'd 'gainst him, may prove our harm.

*EXOP.*

The Emp'ror forc'd to see his own Child die,

*To Leontina.*

Became a witness of your Policy,  
And did design to hinder your intent,  
But th' Executioner did that prevent:  
After, a little pleas'd to think his Son  
Might right the wrongs to him and his then done;  
He told it *Felix*, and this Paper gave,  
Who gave it me, that put him in his grave,  
Call'd it a Legacy, that might dethrone  
The Tyrant under whom the world did groan.  
Arm'd with this secret, I desir'd to know,  
Who would with me the danger undergo?  
The People now are up, our friends assemble,  
The Tyrant, from his fears and guilt, doth tremble:  
Shew but yourself; do but our forces lead:  
As he my Fathers, I'll take off his head.  
I secretly gave out, that you yet live,  
But where, or how, did no suspicion give.  
All that are honest, love *Mauritius'* Name;  
Those that are not, yet having miss'd their aim,  
Seek, in their discontent, to bring you in:  
What they call'd just before, they now call sin.

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*

Surpriz'd with a discourse so new and strange,  
Wonder not, that you see my passions change;  
I know how great a debt to you I owe,  
That to *Mauritius'* Heir such love did show,

I ow'd you, as your Son, my life before,  
And if not yours, my obligation's more;  
But how can I my gratitude declare,  
When this strange story breeds a Civil-war?  
You know I love; your story makes my flame,  
Which was my glorie, now appear my shame;  
Incest! to love a sister; what's a Throne,  
When she that can command all hearts, is gone?  
My love thus murmurs; and my heart must break:  
(Pardon distraction) how or what to speak:

to Exuperius.

Dutie and Honour, yet doth me command,  
To give a Chief' to your illustrious Band,  
Justice requires that one thing must be done,  
Though *Phocas* perish, yet preserve his Son:  
He has no guilt, but that he's of his bloud;  
The Fathers ill cannot out-weigh his good.

EXUP.

To your commands we shall obedience pay,  
Hast, Sir, to those that with impatience stay.

Exit EXUP.

## ACT II. SCEN. VI.

*Martian* taking himself for *Heraclius*, *Leontina*,

*Endoxia*.

*MARTIAN* taking himself for *Heraclius*.

**M**Adam, though you have made a strange discourse,  
That both my faith and reason seems to force;  
Yet since 'tis you, my faculties submit,  
To credit any thing that you think fit,  
Though others this reserve might jealous make,  
You did of *Martian's* love advantage take,  
To raise your dear *Endoxia* to the Throne,  
And that the cause this secret's so late known.

Or

Or that you thought it was enough for me, I had thought  
That I from you derive my Pedigree: But 'twere in me a crime this to believe;  
Yet have you done what I may ever grieve.  
Why did you by all waies my passion move  
Is Incest such a happiness in love?  
I had been happie, if I then had di'd,  
Since now to love *Pulcheria* is deni'd:  
When I *Leontius* was, you fann'd a fire,  
Which, if I be *Heraclius*, must expire:  
I know your Vertue, what could you then mean,  
To make me act a Part in such a Scene?

LEON.

I let you love her, that a noble flame  
Might raise your soul, to gain an equal fame.

MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.

Both in the mean time infamous had been, should I

LEON.

'Twas in my power still to prevent your sin:  
I knew the Tyrant, and his great design:  
*Pulcheria* was to marry in his Line,  
Thus you neglected might offended be,  
And add that wrong to former tyranny,  
Which might excite you to a just return:  
Strike now, lest you a Sisters death do mourn,  
*Pulcheria* perishes, unless he fall  
A timely Victim to preserve us all.

MART. taking himself for Herac.

Were it not best, since she cannot be mine,  
I won her, to accomplish his design?  
When in *Leontius* she a Brother sees,  
*Martian*, by easie waies and soft degrees,  
Will reach her heart; nor can I to my mind,  
A nobler Husband for my sister find.

LEON.

What do I hear? or what do you propose?

MART. taking himself for Herac.

Her life and mine I too lightly expose,

That



That Match I most desire for to prevent;  
 How rashly too *Heraclim* hame is lent;  
 To a small Partie, an ill manag'd Plot;  
 'Twould prove unto my Name a fatal blot,  
 To gain the Crown by an Affassinate,  
 And all my honour to it immolate;  
 No, rather let my glorie pled for me,  
 The cause so just, what doubt of Victorie?  
 My Father's, Brother's, Friends revenge I shall;  
 Whose ends are great, can never basely fall.  
 But with *Pulcheria*, since so near alli'd,  
 I must consult, her will shall be my guide;  
 With your *Endoxia*, you,

Yet, Sir, hear me.

*MART.* taking himself for *Heraclim*

I have much need in such difficultie,  
 Of prudent counsel; yet in your design  
 So many other int'rests may combine:  
 I must advise elsewhere; not that I do  
 Your zeal or faith mistrust, the world in you  
 Must ever both applaud; but I resign  
 My conduct now to one that's wholly mine.

*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCE. VII.

*Leontina, Pulcheria.*

*LEON:*  
 I Am confounded; all things cross my mind;  
 I thought all done, not half is done I find;  
 And when my hazards just rewards expect,  
 I find all humane Counsels have defect.  
 The Paper yet which *Martian* does abuse,  
 Works in my favour all that I would chuse;

*It*

It strongly 'gainst the Father arms the Son,  
But e're the blow can fall, the passion's don;  
Instinct of Nature in a secret way,  
Though he knows nothing does his furie stay.  
The Note surprizes, not deludes him quite;  
And dazled, not misled by this new light:  
He hinders that himself he would promote,  
And flying incest, does for incest vote.

E U D:

Madam, at least you now may plainly see,  
That your great secret was not told by me.  
But what's the reason, Mother, that you thus  
Take name and title from *Heraclius*?  
That Note which you affirm'd a truth to be  
Is a sure step to *Martian's* dignity.  
Think you if thus he do assume the Crown,  
At your request that he will lay it down?  
Twere vain for you to say, the Paper's feign'd;  
None quit such Powers, unless they be constrain'd;  
Folly to hope such vertue from your words,  
*Phocas* once slain; he will command all Swords.

L E O N T:

Love makes you curious, you too much would know,  
Let it suffice, I know which way to go.  
Only I must again see *Exupere*,  
For in him rests the only cause I fear.

ACT III. SCEN. I.

*Martian* taking himself for *Heraclius*, *Pulcheria*,  
her Women.

M A R T I A N taking himself for *Heraclius*.

D E A R Mistress (*sister*, yet I cannot name,  
Since that destroys my too beloved flame.)

E

When

When from my lowness I beheld those eyes,  
 I tax'd my pride to look at Deities ;  
 I fear'd to meet a fate which might declare  
 A punishment for those that over-dare ;  
 Yet in those troubled thoughts there something still  
 (Though reason did forbid) compel'd my will :  
 A sweet impulsion victory or death,  
 What's life, if not to draw a Lovers breath ?  
 Though not high-born I might high things attempt,  
 And your brave soul great Actions might resent ;  
 Our zeal to serve, moves those that are above,  
 And none so great but have a sence of love.

## PULC:

How oft did I too at my birth repine ?  
 Since Princes Daughters must their will resign  
 To reason of State ; and yet the Empress too  
 Breath'd into me the love I felt for you :  
 She wav'd th' Usurpers motion with disdain,  
 Oppos'd that match he presses still in vain ;  
 And poison'd for't, her dear expiring breath  
 Gave me this caution just before her death :  
*The Tyrant, Child, designs you for his Son,*  
*But fie that Match, or else you are undone ;*  
*Of LEONTINE rather a Husband take ;*  
*She does preserve a Treasure that will make*  
*PULCHERIA happy ; and so died : But I*  
 (These words still living in my memory)  
 Saw *Leontina* chang'd from bad to good,  
 Fancy'd her guiltless of my Brothers blood :  
 And *Husband, Treasure, Happiness* to join'd,  
 Me thoughts they all in you alone combin'd.  
 Thus was my haughty birth by dutie cross'd,  
 The vain imagin'd distance 'twixt us lost ;  
 Such bravery too did in your Person shine,  
 As equalliz'd *Leontine* birth to mine :  
 These flatteries daily did approve my choice,  
 I thought it Love, but it was Natures voice.  
 That love, which to extinguish, if you know,  
 Teach me your skill, my sad heart yet saies no,

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*

Ah! my dear Sister, since my birth's now known,  
I so must call you, that less interest own.  
Friendship to love does easily incline,  
How hardly love for friendship we resign?  
It tears our souls, nay, passes humane skill  
To dispossess that Monarch of our will.  
Whose conquest justly made by hopes and fears,  
When he resigns must cost deep sighs, salt tears.  
Oh 'tis not possible: a constant heart,  
Will with its life than love more freely part:  
Nature thou striv'st in vain, even virtues power,  
Cannot make void, long love in one short hour.  
What a sad kindness I to nature owe?  
How cruel they to me her kindness show?  
I'm torn from what I am, from what I wou'd,  
Estrang'd your person by a share in blood,  
Oh my too pleasing error! cruel light!  
Knowing too much now has undone me quite.

*PULC:*

I in my heart too much have felt loves force,  
Not to feel bitterness in such divorce,  
Hatred hath more of sweetness in my mind,  
Than love; if love to you must be less kind.  
Yet since my love to you was a chaste fire,  
Vertue that kindled it, bids it expire:  
My fate I shall believe most happy still,  
If you the Throne attain, the Tyrant kill.  
And ere you do that Conquest undertake,  
Subdue your passions, for fair virtues sake:  
In that we both may meet, your glorie's mine;  
We to our vengeance, must our love resign.

*MART. taking himself for Heracl:*

You who were alwaies great, alwaies so bred  
Should to the conquest of your self be led  
Is not so strange, great hearts have great designs,  
When lower souls at hard things still repines.

E a

Pardon

Pardon that in *Heraclius* yet may be  
 As poor *Leontius* left ; and you shall see  
 What evet this dares say, the other do,  
 It shall become revenge, his birth, and you ;  
 To the Conspirators I'll add new fire,  
 Honour's, and your fame nobler thoughts inspire :  
 May I of one request the freedom use ?

PULC:

I neither can dislike it, nor refuse.

*MARTIAN* taken himself for *Heracl.*

The Tyrant now in you will miss his ends,  
 The Crown no longer on your match depends ;  
 Since then you cannot me a Husband make,  
*Martian* accept, and love him for my sake.

PUL:

Since not your wife, I justly might deny  
 With any other man that knot to tie,  
 Yet some perhaps might call this to my shame,  
 A guilty warmth of a remaining flame.  
 Therefore to cure all doubts, I this demand ;  
 That as my Emp'ror, you the match command :  
 His worth is great, his person I can love,  
 But first his Father, must the victim prove ;  
 To purge his blood : this done, I'll him accept,  
 But whil'st he lives the marriage I reject.

*MARTIAN* taking himself for *Heraclius*.

Rather your marriage you should now declare,  
 When *Phocas* dies, they *Martians* life will spare,  
 Your interest will protect him from all harm,  
 And in that hope, my self, and friends I'll arm.

PUL:

Shall I, my self, then *Phocas* daughter make,  
 I then, his interest, do undertake ;  
 How, shall I pray, that your designs may speed,  
 And wish to see my Husbands Father bleed ?  
 It were a kind of parricide in me,  
 Marriage deferr'd, from all this sets me free :  
 I justly hate the Father, though the Son,



By your command, has fair acceptance won.  
Think then what 'tis that you perswade me to,  
A match, that poor *Pulcheria* would undoe;  
For should not now your enterprize succeed,  
In me they've title to the Crown indeed:  
'Tis *Phocas* blood that must prepare my way,  
Without that cleansing there's no wedding day.

ACT III. SCENE II.

*Phocas, Mart. taking himself for Herac. Crispus,  
Exuperius, Amintas, Pulcheria, her Women  
Guards and Attendants.*

PULCH.

SEE Brother where he comes! what shall we doe?  
*MARTIAN taking himself for Heracl.*  
I am betray'd, here's *Exuperius* too.

PHO:

What discourse have you now with the Princess?  
O'th' marriage I intend?

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*

'Tis that I press.

PHO:

Does she incline? prevail you for my Son?

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*

I have her promise, Sir, it shall be done.

PHO:

'Tis not a little won on her hard heart;  
But when?

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*

That secret she does not impart.

PHO:

Tell me then one that is of greater worth,  
'Tis said that you can bring *Heraclius* forth,  
If you love *Martian*, let me know him too.

MAR

## HERACLIUS,

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*  
 You know him but too well ; and him I do,  
*pointing at Exuperius.*

## EXUPERIUS

I serve my Prince, who duty does deserve.

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*  
 And well thou doest thy promises preserve.

## PHO:

I have a note here that does give some hint,  
 But 'tis obscure, there's much of riddle in't ;  
 And for the meaning I am cometo you,  
*Leontius.*

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*

Call me *Heraclius* too ;  
*Leontius* is no more, nor do I need  
 To hear my sentence, I'm prepar'd to bleed.

## PHO.

And well thou may'st expect it, whose attempt,  
 From treason, and fowl murder's not exempt.

*MART. taking himself for Heracl.*

'Twas what I ought ; to serve, and let thee reign,  
 Both to my name, and birth had bin a stain ;  
 My Fathers blood, cries lowd to me for thine,  
 Which I'd not spare shouldst thou the Crown resign :  
 Death I expect, nay, rather death desire,  
 Since of our courage, 'tis the greatest trier :  
 That death I fear'd not, I have shown for thee,  
 That thy Son lives, the thanks belong to me.

## PHO:

This allegation is but weakly made,  
*Leontius* sav'd my Son, that debt's well pay'd ;  
*Heraclius* then, methinks should find some shame,  
 To beg more payment in another name.  
 But grant you sav'd my Son, you would kill me,  
 Though call'd a Tyrant, yet I just will be :  
 I owe thee for his life, thou me for mine,  
*Leons* shall scape, but justice forfeits thine.  
 Against a Princes life, there's nothing weighs,

Treason

*A Tragedy.*

31

Treason deserves death; noble Acts just praise.

*MARTIAN* taking himself for Heraclius.  
Which you but pay unto my borrowed name;  
But know your Tyranny shall build my fame;  
I as *Heraclius* by my death will shew  
What to my honour, and my birth I owe,  
Make that so glorious that my subjects shall  
Grieve for my loss, rejoice to see thee fall.

*PHOCAS.*

Well, we shall see your courage, the next room  
May cool your heat, there you shall know your doom.

*MART:* taking himself for Heracl:

*Madam*, farewell; but know, my latest breath  
Shall be to those that can prevent your death.

*Exit with Crispus and Guards.*

---

ACT III. SCEN. III.

*Phocas, Pulcheria, Exuperius, Amintas, Guards  
and Attendants.*

*PHOCAS.*

NOr canst thou hope, fond fool, to alter me,  
Having thy Brother, there's no fear of thee.  
No more constrain my self, for thy love plead,  
One stroke abates thy pride, takes off his head:  
Do not restrain thy self, come, vent thy Gall,  
No words to ease thy heart, then tears must fall.

*PULC:*

I grieve, I weep, I well might so have done,  
Had he appear'd less than our Father's Son;  
I am so pleas'd with all that he did do,  
That though his Sister I'm his Lover too.

*PHOCAS.*

Dissemble not, freely express your heart,  
From me you scarce can hide it by this Art:

Will

Will you, to save so dear a Brothers life,  
Lay by your hate, and be my *Martians* Wife?

*PUL:*

Think'st thou thy policies can ever gain  
Me to consent to what I so disdain?  
My blood, to save his life i'll sacrifice;  
But so to give my hand, my honour dies.

*PHO:*

Well, then he dies; thy cruelty's the cause,  
Whose pride contemns both Love and Natures Laws.

*PUL:*

Thou that my cruelty dost thus upbraid,  
For thy own cruelty mayst be afraid.  
Though human vengeance scarce can reach thy head,  
There's thunder yet above to strike thee dead:  
Nor dost thou know, some Brother yet of mine  
To punish thee, the Grave may now resign,  
Or he might scape thy hands by some device  
More subjects there might be both stout and wise:  
And thou shalt never know that he does live,  
Till by thy death he thee assurance give.  
If no such be, I make my self a prize,  
And all my youth and greatness sacrifice;  
For, whoe're can take away thy life,  
The worlds Plague, deserves the greatest Wife.

*PHO:*

Strange Spirit!

*PULC.*

Go kill *Heraclius*, or think that I  
Do hope to save him, by this policy;  
Be not deceiv'd, importune me no more,  
Since I can say but what was said before;  
If you grant this, I will save counsel give,  
If you would reign, we both must die, or live.

*Exit Pulcheria.*

## ACT III. SCEN. IV.

*Phocas, Exuperius, Amintas, Guards and Attendants.*

*P H O.*

**W**ith what delight such menaces I hear?  
 Small danger in vain words there does appear;  
 But I have power to make my threatnings good,  
 Punish her scorns in her dear brothers blood.  
 You my true friends that thus have eas'd my pain,  
 I fear'd your hate, but now your love's made plain.  
 Rest not till you make perfect your design,  
 For, to your judgments I my will resign.  
 Shall we in secret give *Heraclius* death,  
 Or on a publick scaffold stop his breath.

*EXUP:*

What is the fittest is the best for you;  
 In publick, Traitors still should have their due:  
 A private death would politick appear  
 Not just; and we more *Hydra*'s heads might fear:  
 The Mutineers may say, he is not dead,  
 And raise some other Traitor in his stead.

*P H O.*

Then in the Palace-yard 'tis best he die,  
 Our Guards about us for securitie.

*EXUP:*

Not in your own Court, Sir, Should it be done,  
 But in the face of all, before the Sun,  
 Where justice us'd to be, and so declare  
 That publick Acts should not be mixt with fear.

*P H O.*

Then at the time that he gives up his breath,  
 We'll shew his Note, the just cause of his death.

*F*

*EXUP:*



## HERACLIUS,

EXUP.

That, Sir, avails not ; after twenty years  
*Mauritius*' hand unknown to all appears :  
 But if the storm now you will lay indeed,  
 When publickly this *Pageant-Prince* shall bleed,  
 Make him acknowledge who he is, and cry  
*It is HERACLIUS, People, you see die.*

PHO:

I am resolv'd it shall be as you say ;  
 And *Leontina* shall the same debt pay :  
 I've made her great ; her plots I now mistrust,  
 Who make their Prince fear, make their own death just.  
 But Mutineers may force 'em from our hands.

EXUP.

What are those People to your well-arm'd bands ?

None, Sir, will dare the least resistance show,  
 Who's in disgrace, there's but few friends will know :

A little pitty as he goes along :

Oft curiosity does make a throng,

Rare sights the people love, but none will be

So mad to stir, if so he dies by me :

Yet what you do should soon be put in act :

Let them not meet to talk about his fact :

Seize all convenient places through the Town,

And place such Guards as you know are your own ;

For us we are engag'd to see him die,

Left if he live, we lose our lives thereby ;

Since 'tis our dutie brings him to the block,

Our courage shall sustain the fiercest shock.

PHO:

It is enough I on your zeal relie,

And this may help to quell all mutiny :

I go to perfect this so great affair,

And leave your friends assembling to your care :

The work once done, look you for such reward,

As so great Faith and courage hath deserv'd.

*Exit Phocas and Attendants.*

ACT

ACT III. SCE. V.

*Exuperius, Amintas.*

EXUP.

WE are in favour, friend, and all command.

AMINT.

Why so great joy? I scarce can understand;  
Falshood and Treason are not things to boast:  
What is our greatness, when our honour's lost?

EXUP.

True, to the Generous it is not great.  
Why we engag'd, I need not now repeat;  
We shall find waies yet to recover all,  
And raise our honour, by this present fall:  
Come, let us go, this pain we must endure,  
If honour bleeds, blood may our honour cure.

*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCEN. I.

*Enter Heraclius, Eudoxia.*

HERAC.

With reason you her dangers apprehend,  
Now she appears but a mistaken Friend;  
If she flie not, no hope but she must die,  
Twill justice seem in him, not cruelty.  
*Eudoxia*, not for her I grieve, but thee,  
She justly is betray'd that betray'd me.

EUD.

Can you believe her hate to you was such,  
When her Sons life for yours was not too much?

F 2

HERAC.

## HERACLIUS.

## HERACLIUS.

To her imposture I must give that name ;  
 She stayd those actions that might raise my fame,  
 And by her cunning, and a false report  
 My Name and Right to *Martian* doth transport :  
 Approves that Letter in my Fathers Name,  
 Entitles him to th' Empire which I claim ;  
 In this there was no love, no policie,  
 Since he must reign, or else must die for me.

## E U D.

Had she decry'd that Letter as a lie,  
 Your secret then had been reveal'd thereby ;  
 She doubted, Sir, as by the issue now,  
 Her just suspicion you may well allow :  
 Arm'd then with something yet to make you reign,  
 More than is known, or that Note could contain ;  
 Had she not turn'd the blow on *Martian's* head,  
 You, that mistake her service, had been dead.

## HERAC:

No matter which, I *Martian* too much owe,  
 If one must die, to suffer him to go :  
 Though none discover me, my self I must  
 To my brave friend and honour, be so just.  
 This only difference, *Martian* can I see  
 Betray'd, I wretch'd die ; glorious for thee.

## E U D.

Ah! Sir, will you so rash an action do ?  
 Betray your self, and give me my death too ?  
 What hast ? the Tyrant yet doth nothing know ;  
 Will you the object of his furie show ?

## HERACL.

Your love, to what's my dutie, makes you blind ;  
 Who doth not love my honour, is unkind.  
 He by my Name is sure to suffer death,  
 And shall I by his Name preserve my breath ?  
 If by the error he might live and reign,  
 It might be born, he by my loss might gain :

T were a low baseness, longer to conceal  
Such a mistake as honour bids reveal.

Oh Sir! it is not that which I desire,  
Your honor's mine, mean thoughts would quench my fire.  
Arm, arm your self, Sir, to preserve his life,  
Make *Phocas* die, his death will end all strife:  
Rekindle what my Mother quencht before.  
And from my love and courage make it more:  
Take to the Empire now a Soldiers way,  
If you meet Death, tell him I for him stay.

*HERAC:*  
Th' Ocasion's lost, *Martian* now goes for me,  
And by his pris'n our friends dispersed be:  
Since all do take him for *Heracius*,  
They'l think it a foul Parricide in us;  
Some few that love my person well, may rise,  
But spight of them and us still *Martian* dies.  
And when his death gives *Phocas* victorie,  
What force can I expect should join with me?  
Then speak no more, your love must not retard,  
His life, my honour are of more regard.  
Whether I reign, or whether I must die,  
I'll trust my vertue for a Victorie.

# ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Phocas, Heraclius taken for Martian, Eudoxia,  
Exuperius, Guards and Attendants.*

*PHOC.* shewing Eudoxia to his Guards.

**T**O prison with her, till her Mother appear.

*HERAC:*

Has she a share?

*PHO.*

That will be found, ne'r fear;

*Tis*

'Tis fit that we do seize her, she may peach,  
And help to draw the Mother within reach.

*EUDOXIA to Phocas going off.*

Believe not any thing that he shall tell.

*PHOCAS to Eudoxia.*

Follow your counsel? yes, 'twere very well.

*Exit Eud. with a Guard.*

*To Heraclius.*

Her tears thy pity no way do deserve:  
Wouldst thou thy greatest Enemies preserve?  
No, no, I'm sure when all their guilt is known,  
Thou neither wilt their love nor persons own.  
Bring in the Pris'ner; tortures we not need, *To his Guard*  
To find the crime for which he now must bleed,  
It is his boast; his pride your self shall see, *so Heracl.*  
Who scorns our mercie would not pitied be.  
But what is that which I must not believe?  
My apprehension begs thee to relieve  
The doubt I labour in of what she meant,  
When faith unto thy words she would prevent.  
Hast thou some new, some greater crime disclos'd?

*HERAC: taken for Martian.*

More than by any else can be depos'd; *points at Eudox.*

More than *Mauritins* saw, more than he knows.

*PHO.*

Perfidious wretch! this day to death she goes.  
Speak:

*HERAC: taken for Martian.*

'Tis a secret of no common weight;  
Before the Pris'ner, I will all relate.

*PHO:*

He's here, but speak not for him, I command.

ACT



## ACT IV. SCEN. III.

*Phocas, Heraclius taken for Martian, Martian taking himself for Heraclius, Exuperius, and Guards.*

*HERAC: taken for Martian.*

**T**hat, Sir, were vain for me to take in hand.  
I rather beg that justice may be done :  
Condemn *Heraclius*, so preserve your Son.  
Shall it be granted?

*P H O:*

Tis what I desire.

Thy safety doth indeed his death require.

*MART. taking himself for Herac.*

Without regret, I saw approaching Fate,  
But you to sentence me with so much hate :  
I never knew you till my death I see.

*HERAC: taken for Martian.*

I never less than now was known to thee.  
Hear me, blind Father, and more blinded Prince,  
My honour must your ignorance convince.  
Thy Friends thy enemies, *Phocas*, sever thus,  
He is thy Son, and I *Heraclius*.

*MARTIAN. taking himself for Heraclius.*

My Lord, what say ye?

*HERAC.*

I must not conceal

What honour, to preserve thee, hides reveal ;  
*Phocas* by *Leontina* twice deceiv'd,  
And she so cunningly her web hath weav'd,  
By change of names she causeth their mistakes,  
And a false *Martian* of *Heraclius* makes.

*P H O.*

*Mauritius* Note the Contradiction gives ;  
Under *LEONTIUS* Name *HERACLIUS* lives.

*HERAC:*

I grant the Note true then, now 'tis not so ;  
I did, Sir, by *Leontina* name then go ;

But

But though the Emp'rour what he saw did leave,  
 He could not, what's done since he ceas'd to breath.  
 Within short time began your Persian war,  
 Lasted three years, you still from home so far,  
 And all that while (your Wife too being dead)  
*Leontine*, as she pleas'd our child-hood bred,  
 To trace me out a way unto the Throne,  
 Made me your Son, took *Martian* for her own;  
 And the resemblance Infants then may have,  
 Favour'd her so, you took the Child she gave.  
 This known, Compassion made me longer stay,  
 And not attempt my right a bloody way :  
 But seeing by this error he must die,  
 That sav'd my life ; it now were base if I  
 Should not assume my name, his only guilt ;  
 My life and honour in his blood are spilt.  
 I beg not, Sir, that you make less your hate,  
 Behold, an enemy expects his fate :  
 I ask but what you promis'd should be done,  
 Condemn *Heraclius*, Preserve your Son.

*MARTIAN* taking himself for *Heraclius*.

Admire, thou Father art of such a Son,  
 Admire the reputation he hath won ;  
 He this invents from Generositie,  
 Would die himself, in hopes to set me free.

To *Heraclius*.

Tis true, too much, for what by me was done,  
 I sav'd your life, by which I honour won,  
 Yet lost not mine, but you to save my breath,  
 Do throw your self into the arms of death,  
 And if acknowledgments you owe to me,  
 Then let me Son unto the Emp'rour be :  
 Rob not my name which I count glorious,  
 Fearing to be ingrate, Be not injurious.

P H O.

How many troubles breeds this strange dispute,  
 Neither themselves, nor others they confute. What

**A Tragedy.**

484

Which to believe now ? which is a lie ?

*To Enup.*

**EXUPERIUS**

Tis so perplext, that only time must trie.

**PHOCAS**

The Note, if true, the rest like truth doth show.

**EXUP.**

Who knows whether that rest be true or no.

**PHOCAS**

*Leontine* twice may have deceived me.

**EXUP.**

Chang'd them, or chang'd them not, either might be,

I am more, Sir, than you circled with doubt,

And cannot find which way I shall get out.

**HERAC.**

Tis not to day that I learn'd who I am,

My actions witness, I have known my Name

These four years, and have us'd my best address,

To gain *Eudoxia*, winning the Princess,

Which but I knew, that I was not your Son,

You may imagine I would not have done.

This caution *Leontina* did impart.

**MARTIAN** taking himself for *Heraclius*.

What, *Leontina* ? **HERAC.** Even she.

**MARTIAN** taking himself for *Heraclius*.

**Strange Art!**

*Martian* loves *Eudoxia*, she doth abuse,

Him by pretended horror to refuse

The Match you aim at, that your Daughter may

Have to the Throne by that refusal way ;

This error does assure her of his Vows,

Ambition all deceitful waies allows

Nor had the truth to me been ever known,

Unless the Emp'ors Letter you had shown.

*To Enup.*

**PHO.**

She does abuse him too as well as me.

**EXUP.**

Which she abuses, yet I cannot see.

**PHO.**

Dost thou not see the Daughter's in the plot ?

G

IX.

T were better Sir, for her that she were not.

Are all things ready for their punishment?

EXUP.

Which is the guilty? which the innocent?

HERACLIVS

Can you make doubt, after what I have said?

MARTIAN, taking himself for Heraclivus.

Will you by what is false be longer led?

HERACLIVS

Friend, give me back my Name, the favour's small,

Since I would have it but to die withall.

With it I could to you my title give,

But that the owner must no longer live.

MARTIAN, taking himself for Heraclivus.

And why would you my Tyrant's Victim be?

When your death lays a greater stain on me?

I did, who e're I am, his death design.

And different fate our names the plot assign.

What in *Heraclivus* is a brave attempt.

From Parricide in *Martian's* not exempt.

Since I may guiltless, or Multifarious die,

Blast not your friend with so much infamy.

To right the world on *Phocas* I aspire.

And you my Fathers death make me conspire.

HERACLIVS

My Name is only faulty, leave dispute;

Quit that, to thee no guilt they can impute;

Tis that conspires without the help of friends,

*Heraclivus* dying, all the danger ends.

Be but his Son, and live.

MARTIAN, taking himself for Heraclivus.

Had I been such,

That Traitor in one word had said too much.

When to kill you he had perswaded me,

From that Act Nature's force had set me free.

HE-

HERACL.

Know then my heart's desire did thus fore-run;  
By her kept back, thy life had else been done.

MARTIAN *Not taking himself for Heraculus.*

For *Leontina* could not then abide  
That *Martian* should become a Parricide.

HERACL.

Consider coolly what she mov'd you to;  
To love *Pulcheria*, and kill *Phocas* too:  
Each Act, each Name, in you would horrid prove.  
This a Parricide, that incestuous love.

Could she then scruple at a crime of mine,  
That either way in you did one design?  
I was the object of her love and care,  
Which by her words most plainly doth appear.

*Why should you hazard? wherefore undertake,  
Since MARTIAN'S danger shall you Emperor make.*

These were her Reasons, all she did or said,  
Wast to preserve me for the Daughters bed,  
Yet stay'd to see how your attempts would fall;  
If fit, she then me Emperor would call.

PHO:

How shall I know, which of these two is mine?  
I only finde, my ruin both design:  
My fate is sad, who now can counsel give?  
I have my Enemy, yet see him live;  
Out of my hands I know he cannot make;  
I see him, yet I know not which to take:

Nature doth tremble, and astonisht grow,  
Uncertain which way to direct my blow;  
Th' Assassine seen, yet in my heart is hid,  
Nature, when I should kill him, does forbid.

*Martian* — *Both turn from him.*

*Martian*, none to that name will answer give,  
Will neither own me? one from me did live;  
What is it Nature then? what can this mean?  
Am I the only Actor in this Scene?



Can I a Father be, without a Son?  
 What, to be thus forsaken, have I done?  
 Nature forsake me too, or tell me how  
 This Labyrinth of doubt, I may get through;  
 Or do not speak at all, or let me know  
 Which I must cherish, or which count my foe:  
 But thou most cruel, whosoere thou art  
 That wilfully to both procures this smart;  
 Is my crown then thy death? more shame to thee;  
 The dead more than the living happier be.  
 Two Sons *Mauritius* gains him to succeed;  
 Rather than mine will me he'l chuse to bleed;  
 I justly then thy honours envy must,  
 Both scorn my glory to embrace thy dust.

## ACT IV. SCENE IV.

*Phocas, Heraclius, Martian* taking himself for *Heraclius*, *Exuperius*, *Crispus*, *Leontina*, Guards  
 and Attendants.

*CRISPUS.*

Our search is not in vain, she's found at last.  
*PHO.*  
 Success was alwaies better far than haste.

*HERAC.*

Madam, confesse, for I have told him all.

*LEON:*

All what?

*PHO:*

As if you knew not what we call  
 You hither for: Tell me, which is my Son?

*LEON:*

What makes you doubt? well, what is't I have done?

*HERAC.*

His Son now laies a title to my Name;  
 A Note by you attested makes his claim.

*PHO:*

PHO:

Stay not for torture, think not to denie :  
You chang'd my Son, and gave yours up to die?

LEON:

I gave my Son to die, and 'tis my glory ;  
Wouldst thou believe, should I tell all the story ?  
If to deceive thee it was then my will ,  
How canst thou know, I will not do so still?

PHO:

However, shew us, where the Reason lay,  
Why from the one, until this very day,  
You kept the secret ; and yet four years since  
You had imparted all unto the Prince ?

LEON:

Yet one's thy Son, the other Emperour :  
Strike, if thy hate can overcome thy fear.  
Thou tremblest by thy love, thy fear, thy rage,  
And which to satisfie darst not ingage.  
Strike, strike, since one is but thy Son ;  
Tislike a wager, may be lost or won.  
Tis fit all Tyrants should be in thy case,  
To fear an Enemy in their own Race.  
Thy Son thou in thy Enemy shalt love :  
Half Tyrant and half Father only prove ;  
And all that time in vain thy study spend,  
To punish thee, is one part of my end. *Phocas chafes.*  
Since from me only knowledge can be had,  
Thou wilt not kill me till I make thee mad ;  
Then thou mayst do it, not before i'm sure ,  
Thy doubts and fears there's none but I, can cure.

PHOCAS.

Thou forcest me to that which I am loath :  
They both shall die, since I'm deny'd by both.

LEONT:

Those Mutiniers that now give thee Alarms,  
Would reach thy head, shouldst thou cut off thy Arms.

PHO:

## HERACLIUS.

P H O:

I justly punish both, though neither know;  
One's sure *Heraclius*, th' other would be so.

L E O N T.

I should be pleas'd, 'twere a most happie hour,  
To see thee cut those props support thy power;  
Proceed, and make thy resolution good,  
Strike; let instinct inform which is thy blood.

P H O.

What strange acknowledgments are these from thee,  
Since thou hast shar'd even my Authority? *Phe. flatters*  
Committed to thy care my only Son,  
Yet give him back, and all my anger's done.

L E O N:

Should I do so, yet neither thee would own;  
They death prefer before a Tyrant's Throne.  
Admire the vertue, which this trouble breeds,  
So brave Plants rais'd from such accursed seeds,  
No Age could ever boast, of greater worth:  
These Acts my better Precepts have brought forth;  
If they by thy Example had been taught,  
Their honours had been sold, their safety bought;  
Heaven hath afforded them a better fate,  
Than to have had thy vice to imitate.  
Thus I've return'd more than thou didst for me,  
Purging their blood from thy impuritie.

E X U P.

Impostors impudent, and proud still be,  
Lies are the weapons gain them victorie:  
I have another way to make her know  
What she to Truth and Majestic does owe;  
Spight of th' obscuritie of her delusion,  
I shall make clear, what's now confusion.  
Since, Sir I have begun, I will conclude,  
Or, if I fail, forfeit my dearest blood;  
If to my custodie you'll her commit,  
I'll spread such nets, shall catch her female wit:

There's

There's none so fortified of all her kind,  
But have some fit place to be undermin'd.

PHO.

O my best friend take all the ways you please,  
Even to torment her, so you give me ease.  
But yet I think, 'tis flattery must gain,  
She is ambitious, give her hopes to raig'n.  
But what need I my thoughts to you reveal;  
All things are less, nothing above your zeal:  
The service you have done, can only be  
Out-gone, by what you now design for me.  
This while I mean to take 'em both apart,  
And try the utmost of perswasive art;  
Nature in private may more aptly move,  
And *Mine* be softned by a Father's love.  
Bring 'em away

*Exeunt Phocæ, &c.*

## ACT IV. SCEN. V.

*Exuperius, Leontina.*

EXUP.

None can hear, and I must  
Unto your faith commit the greatest trust:  
And that you may the better credit give,  
Know 'tis resolv'd, that *Phocæ* shall not live:

LEON.

Yes to reward that base officious zeal,  
That sellsthy Father, does thy Prince reveal.

EXUP.

You by appearance judge, and so mistake.

LEON.

They do indeed, who you for honest take.

EXUP.

That which to you doth falsehood seem as yet:

LEON.

LEON.

Is but a knack of State, a trick of wit :

EXUP.

How can you judge, since yet you do not know,  
 What our designs are, which way we will go?  
 But I will tell you how our plot is laid,  
 And that we should fall off, be not afraid.  
 Our injuries are, Rapes, Oppressions, Blood,  
 Our Prince to be restor'd the chiefest good.  
 We that were once disfavoured, and disgrac'd  
 Remov'd from Court, are thus in credit plac'd,  
 And that which to you treachery doth seem,  
 Is a sure way our honour to redeem.

LEON:

Others may credit give to what you've said,  
 I have no faith for you, at least 'tis dead.

EXUP.

You have much reason, from that, faith may grow.

LEONT:

Not from such seeds as you did lately sow.

EXUP.

You know how strong and watchful are his Guard,  
 All entrance to his hated person barr'd,  
 Till now that I have such opinion won,  
 I am confided in beyond his Son ;  
 'Twas my pretended zeal the counsel gave,  
 That Prince *Heraclius* publick death might have,  
 The streets, gates, forts, his guards must all make good,  
 Then, with my friends, I've power to shed his blood :  
 Which shall be done, when once you make us know,  
 Which is the Prince to whom we duty owe.  
 We from the Tyrant take both life and Crown,  
 To make our act just, a just power must own.

LEON.

How dull and weak art thou, that couldst believe,  
 Since me thou canst not, thou shouldst him deceive?  
 He finds thy plot, if true, and doth design  
 Thy ruine, but this way he shall not mine.

EX-



EXUP.

Madam, I've told you truth, and will say more ---

LEON.

Not to the purpose that you spoke before?

EXUP.

Well, I am satisfi'd, be faithless still;  
I will take care, that you shall do no ill.  
I'll keep my secret, and you may keep yours,  
Those must obey, that are in others powers:  
To prison, Madam; you ere long shall know,  
To the same end men several waies may go.

Exeunt.

## ACT V. SCE. I.

## HERACLIUS.

What strange confusion's this that I do finde?  
He whom I hate, would kill, appears so kinde,  
That I still fear what ever is design'd.  
Perhaps *Leontina* does me abuse;  
Then wrought by her my right I may refuse,  
*Mauritius*' interest honour bids me chuse.  
If *Phocas* Son, I then must share his guilt,  
By a just Prince much blood is seldom spilt;  
My hopes are on my first opinion built.  
Look down, great Soul, from thy celestial home,  
And to thy stagger'd sons assistance come;  
Arm him with scorn against a Tyrant's doom.

D

ACT

## ACT V. SCEN. II.

*Heraclius, Pulcheria.*

HERAC.

OH Heavens! What good Angel brings you to me?

PULC.

*Phocas*, who of your birth resolv'd would be,  
And hopes by me he may the secret know;  
He's cunning, and the likeliest waies does go.

HERAC:

If I were sure, how could I then denie,  
What my soul loves in all to satisfie?

PULC:

If I did know it, he should never do;  
I'd die my self, if so I could save you.

HERAC:

Do not, *Pulcheria*, do not weep for me:  
How gladly would I die to save thee?  
But 'tis in vain to hope that I should die,  
I cannot move his hate, though all means trie:  
I am not so much as a Prisoner made,  
The least affront to do me he's afraid,  
Which gives some fears, makes me suspect my fate,  
That I am Son to him whom all men hate.

PULC:

Your fears and doubts beget much fear in me,  
Canst thou, Oh Love, then my dishonour be?  
A Son of *Phocas* in my Love claim part,  
Yet he alive? I'll first tear out my heart.

HERAC:

Worth of it self, where e're it be does live,  
And though our Parents some addition give;

It were unjust true merit to deny,  
Since Birth is not our choice, but Destinie.

P U L C.

In one of you two I a Brother find,  
Nay, to that int'rest you do both pretend;  
Your state's so doubtful, you may well believe,  
That as I both do love, for both I grieve;  
Yet am not without hope; as I came here  
Great Troops were seen the Pallace to draw near,  
And *Exuperius* 'gainst them drew his force:  
Our fortunes may be better, cannot worse.

ACT V. SCEN. III.

*Phocas, Heraclius, Martian* taking himself for Hera-  
clius, *Pulcheria*, her Women, Guards and  
Attendants.

B<sup>U</sup>t here's *Phocas*!

P H O.

What good news? will he yield?

P U L:

My Forces are too weak, I quit the Field,  
All the advantage that I yet have won,  
I have two Brothers, you still want a Son.

P H O:

Thus you are rich, although I yet am poor.

P U L C.

I only know, Sir, what you knew before;  
They, for my sake, do thus their births obscure,  
Or else that they their safeties may procure,  
Preserve them both, and that ends all the strife.

H 2

P H O.

PHO.

In favour of my blood, I yours will save;  
 But first the knowledge of my Son I crave,  
 On that condition my consent is won,  
 To give him life that back restores my Son.  
 Ingrate, I this once more do thee conjure, *To Herac.*  
 Thou thy own safetie and thy friends procure:  
 Why should not Nature be as strong in thee,  
 As her impulses shew themselves in me?  
 Consider with what care I thee have bred;  
 Consider these floods from my aged head;  
 Consider those deep sighs I fetch for thee:  
 If this move not, yet let that amity  
 That thou art bound to have for thy brave friend,  
 That sav'd thy life, how dar'st thou cause his end?

HERAC.

I give you back your Son, his birth and all.

PHO.

How can that be since thou for death dost call?

HERAC.

I die to give you him, and his life save.

PHO.

We both in thee die, buried in thy grave.  
 Well since I see I nothing can obtain,  
 At least grant this something to ease my pain,  
 Adopt me for thy Father, to my Son,  
 And with thy dear friend reign, my reign's near done.

HERAC.

Oh that's too much, and will my glory stain,  
 Why, real love for what I did but feign?  
 Yours is so too: for what you offer me,  
 Would not make more, but less my dignity;  
 I to my self a monster should appear,  
 Son to a just Prince, yet a Tyrant's heir.

PHO.

Go cease to hope that death thou dost deserve,  
 Since thou refus'st what might both preserve;

All:

All I requir'd was but to take his name,  
Thy cruelty, not mine, must bear the blame.  
Thou art my Son, and nature bids me spare,  
But of his death thou shalt the torment share.  
Strike Soldiers; now I'll see his heart blood spilt,  
He dead, chuse then for Father whom thou wilt.

HERAC:

Hold villain, hold. —

MARTIAN *taking himself for Heraclius.*

Ah Prince, what would you do ?

HERAC.

Preserve the Son ; nay so the Father too.

MART. *taking himself for Heracl:*

Preserve that Son which he in you would have,  
And hinder not one that doth court his grave ;  
*Heraclius* needs must happily expire,  
Since to your hands he yields up his Empire :  
May the Gods long and happy make your reign.

PHO.

Strike, strike *Othavian* all discourse is vain.

HERAC.

Hold Traytor, Sir, I am —

PHO.

Confess at last.

HERACLIVS.

Into what mist of error am I cast ?

PHO.

Get out at leisure ; strike, and end the strife.

HERAC.

I am — What I should be to save his life.  
From me to him, Sir, there is so much due,  
That I will pay the debt he owes to you,  
So readily, so fully and sincere,  
As if indeed you my true Father were.  
But then you shall engage your life to mee,  
That from all injury you keep him free,  
For if he die, be sure that I die too,  
Or your life payes the forfeit made by you.

PHO:



PHO.

Fear nothing, my supporters both I'll make,  
 Then nothing can my peace or Empire shake,  
 I know that both have so much love for other,  
 That I shall have two Sons, you each a Brother ;  
 My joys are now so great I scarce can see  
 By what addition they can greater be,  
 You are my Son, obedience have profess'd,  
 Shew it this once, I am for ever blest,  
 Admir'd *Pulcheria* you must grant to be  
 The happy cement of our amity.

HERAC.

She's my Sister, Sir,

PHO.

You no more my Son,  
 And all I've labour'd for, again undone.

PUL.

What if he were ? Tyrant art thou so vain,  
 To think his grant could alter my disdain ?  
 Could I love any thing should but seem thine ?  
 And from thy blood less than my own decline :  
 Cease then to hope the least pretence in me,  
 Whilst death hath power from that to set me free.

## ACT V. SCEN. IV.

*Phocas, Heraclius, Martian* taking himself for Hera-  
*clius, Pulcheria, her Women, Crispus, Guards and*  
*Attendants.*

CRISPUS.

TO *Exuperius*, Sir, the debt you owe,  
 He and his friends have born the business so,  
 That he the Mutineers hath overcome,  
 And Pris'ners brings their chiefs to hear your doom.

PHO.

*PHO:*

Command that in the Court for me he stay,  
Where them their due, my thanks to him i'll pay.  
Ingrateful wilt thou be, my Son, or no?  
The Mutineers o're come, I need not show  
Or fear or love, more than I have indeed;  
Use well the time while I make others bleed:  
And thou *Pulcheria*, if thou wouldst not see  
Both their bloods shed to end the Tragedie,  
Find, or make choice of one of them for mine,  
And with the usual forms your right hands join:  
At my return I swear this shall be done;  
Who scorns my blood and Throne, is not my Son.

*PULC:*

Threat not, they dead, I gladly death imbrace.

*PHO:*

I know thou wouldst, but i'll not grant that grace,  
That were a mercie: I must punish thee,  
Which as the highest, thou shalt marry me.

*PULC:*

Ha! What Plague?

*PHO.*

If it be great, from me 'tis justly due,  
But I shall make it yet more strange and new,  
I'll bath this in their bloods when so, take thine,  
One way or other compass my design.  
She will not kill her self, whilst yet they live }  
They error me, and I'll let them terror give. } *To himself.*

*Exit Pho. Crisp. &c.*

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ACT

## ACT V. SCENE V.

*Heraclius, Martian taking himself for  
Heraclius, Pulcheria.*

*PULCHERIA.*

O The fly Wolf, his fear made him seem mild,  
The danger past, how bloudy and how wild;  
Threatning our hearts in pieces he will tear,  
If only mine, it were not worth my fear,  
But when you both must die, whose worth is such,  
The world ne're knew, nor shall again so much:  
Since we to death must all together go,  
Which is indeed my Brother let me know,  
That aptly I may pay the debt I owe.

*MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.*

Rather resolve, your danger drawing near,  
(He may come back, and act what you so fear)  
The marriage with the Son then celebrate;  
To shun the Father you so justly hate.

*PUL.*

Who is't will show me, if I could consent,  
And so assure me, incest to prevent?

*MART. taking himself for Herac.*

I see too much of fear for us and you:  
Yet a fain'd marriage you may yield unto,  
Deceive the Tyrant, vertue not destroy,  
All live, and yet not *Hymen's* rights enjoy.

*PUL,*

So to dissemble would look poor and low:

*HERAC:*

A Tyrant to outreach makes it not so.  
'T would place in trust a Brother which he gives,  
We having power, he at our mercy lives,

And

And so we may, when ever we think good,  
Sue a divorce, and seal it with his blood.

Well to preserve your lives, avoyd my shame,  
I am content : whose wife must I seem? names  
Which of you is it offers me his hand?  
'Tis not a real, since no legal band.

HERAC.

You Sir, who did at first the motion make;

MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.

You Prince, who for his Son Phocas will take;

HERAC:

You who these four years have her lov'd him;

MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.

You who have greater worth her heart to win :

PUBLIC

Ah Princes!

By this so brave retreat your worth is shewn,  
But I mistrusted still ; judg'd by my own,  
For great hearts, which the Heavens for Empire make,  
Even at the shadow of a crime must shake.  
Let us leave all to Heaven and nothing do,  
But what bright honour fairly guides us to.

HERACLI

Was ever fate more cruel than is mine?

The doubtful truth, which with my blood I sign;

Leaves me unworthy still of that great Name,

I suffer for, in death I lose my aim,

Saving not him, for whom I choose to die.

MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.

That nothing is to my strange destiny;

Who in the compass of one day appear

Leontius, Martian, and Heraclius here,

A Tribun's, Tyrant's, a just Emperors Son,

And die I know not who, e're it be done.

PUBLIC

How small your griefs are yet compar'd to mine?

Though I confess you justly may repine ;

I

For

For death which may ease you I must not cry,  
 They that give life, that help to me deny;  
 We are born Servants, and our Lord's design,  
 We must not question, but our wills resign.  
 It is determin'd by great Nature's Laws,  
 That all effects depend upon their cause.

HERAC.

## ACT V. SCEN. VI.

HERAC.

*Heraclius, Martinus taking himself for Heraclius,*

PUBLIUS, MARTINUS

HERAC.

**W**Hat does this Traytor's coming mean? Speak  
 slave.

*AMIN.*  
 I am not so, since the Master have;  
 The name of Traytor I can less endure,  
 Wash't in the Tyrant's blood, I now am pure.

HERAC.

Ha! What saies he?

AMIN.

That I am free from stain:

By *Exupers* and me *Phocas* is slain.

*MARTINUS* taking himself for Heraclius.

He that betray'd me?

AMIN.

You mistaken were.

We Traytors seem'd to find our Emperor.

PUBL.

Were not both sent the Ministers to quell?

AMIN.

Yes but each others minds we knew so well,

That



That when time fitted we did soon agree,  
 To punish *Phocas* for his Tyranny;  
 For he secur'd by our deceit from fear,  
 Quickly his wonted fierceness did appear;  
 For pride and cruelty do greater grow,  
 When one believes he has subdu'd a foe;  
 The seeming Prisoners kneeling on the ground,  
 Implor'd his mercie, but this threatening found;  
*You are all Traytors to whom death is due,*  
*'Tis just, cries Exupere, most just to you.*  
 He strikes, we second him; the Tyrant dies:  
*Long live HERACLIDUS, Exuperius cries.*  
 The standers by struck with amazement were,  
 To see one stroke destroy their hope and fear:  
 Thus for self-ends who call'd this Tyrant good,  
 Soon read his ills once written in his blood.

The last Scene.

*Heraclius, Martian taking himself for Heraclius,*  
*Paleheria, her Women, Leontina, Endoxia,*  
*Exuperius, Amintas, Guards and*  
*Attendants.*

HERACLIDUS.

Say Madam, is it true? is there a change?  
*Amintas* tells us news, though good, yet strange.

LEON.

Sir the success, though great, you may believe,  
 Nor is there any blood shed, we should grieve.

HERAC.

False to be generous, I thee embrace,

If I have power expect the highest grace.

To Exuperius.

## HERACLIUS,

EXOR.

I must beg pardon from one of you two,  
If I have injur'd him, I have serv'd you.

MARTIAN taking himself for Heraclius.

Either of both may easily forgive  
His death, who was resolv'd we should not live.  
Yet at the mention something touches me.

HERAC.

It may the great effects of nature be;  
If so you have no great cause to complain.  
If I the Empire, you my sister gain;  
Nor can my dear Pulcheria now refuse.  
The Father dead, how can you better chuse?

Madam, 'tis you alone can end the strife,  
Either the Empire's mine, or she's my wife.

LEON.

And can I then alone the difference end?

HERAC.

Who else? on your knowledge all things depend.

MARTIAN.

You may suspect me, yet of artifice,

Believe me not, but this I can assure you,  
I will not be your slave, nor will I be your friend.

Madam you know her hand, 'tis you that must  
To both pretend, then what they must trust;

This at her death she will deliver me.

PUL.

Which thus I kiss upon my bended knee,

After so many miseries endur'd,  
Just Powers have made me this happiness procur'd,

Before my eyes by faithful Ecomine,  
My son, my wife more than I, the great design

Not known to others, he believes himself;  
And so the Empire mine I shall miss;

Those of our friends that yet live, faith for me,  
Must Martian love, he's my Heraclius.

After so many miseries endur'd,  
Just Powers have made me this happiness procur'd,

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My son, my wife more than I, the great design

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My son, my wife more than I, the great design

Not known to others, he believes himself;  
And so the Empire mine I shall miss;

Those of our friends that yet live, faith for me,  
Must Martian love, he's my Heraclius.

You are my Brother then

HERAC.

I wisht to be  
Tis mutual loves yields all felicity.

LEON:

You know enough, and need no incest fear,  
Nor could that have faln out, such was my care;  
But pardon, Sir, that blood I would have spilt, *To Mart.*  
As being yours, though none, it looks like guilt.

MARTIAN.

Against the common joy I le not oppose,  
What Nature makes me feel I will keep close;  
Though he from any did not merit love,  
A Parent's death some inward grief must move.

HERAC.

That you your grief the better may decline,  
*Leontius* be again, *Martian* resign:  
Under that name great glories you have won;  
You have no vice to suit a Tyrants Son.  
You, my *Eudoxia*, take my heart and throne.  
For in exchange I know you give me one.

EUD:

This your deliverance a joy affords,  
Too high, to be express'd, in my low words.

HERAC:

O be not sad since your *PULCHERIA* may *To Mart.*  
Think strange, she yours, to see a gloomy day.

MARTIAN.

A mixture of such joies as yet cause grief,  
Only from time and her should find relief.

HERAC. to *Leontina* and *Exuperius*.

You my Preservers made my troubles blest,  
Your love and courage bravely did contest;  
The Victory I reap, your Harvest too;  
Honours are still mine, whilst confer'd on you:

But

But first to the just Powers our thanks we'll pay,  
That none but Traitors blood sprinkled our way.

Long live Heraclius.

EPILOGUE spoken by  
LEONTINA

**M***Y part was bold, and high, throughout the Play,  
In all of consequence I bore the sway;  
I with my tongue the Tyrant often shook,  
Now I do so, fearing your angry look:  
Pass by our faults in all, his low stile,  
And seal our pardons, though but with a smile.*

Books



Books lately printed for *John Starkey* at the  
*Miter nere Temple-Bar in Fleet-street.*

**A** *Ndronicus Comnenius* a Tragedy written by *John Wilson* Author  
of the *Cbeats*. 4.

*Aminta* the famous Italian Pastoral, written by *Torquato Tasse*,  
and englished by *J: D.*

*The Shepheards Paradise*, a Pastoral Comedy, written by the ho-  
nourable *Walter Mountague Esq;*

*The Works of the famous Francis Rabelais*, Dr. in Physick, a Book  
highly esteemed in *France* for it's excellent drollery, translated into  
English by *Sir Tho. Urchard Knight*.

*The History of Gavelkind*, with the Etymology thereof, containing al-  
so an assertion that our English Laws are for the most part those  
that were used by the ancient *Britains*, notwithstanding the several  
Conquests. To which is added a short History of *William Conqueror*  
in Latine, written in the time of *Henry the first*.

*The Abridgment of all the Publick Acts of Parliament* in force and  
use from the 4th of *Jan.* 164 $\frac{1}{2}$ . to the 16th of *March* 166 $\frac{1}{2}$ . by *Willi-  
am Hughs Esquire*.

In the Press.

*Philosophicall Conferences of the Virtuosi of France*, upon the most  
curious questions concerning man, Philosophy, the liberall Arts  
and Sciences, and all other natural knowledge, translated into En-  
glish by *G. H. folio*.

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*FINIS.*